New York, June 13, 1874.

Dear Wife:

The scene is closed, the mortal struggle ended, and the imprisoned spirit set free. At dawn this morning — 4 o'clock — my beloved friend McKim passed on to the spirit land without a struggle — a happy translation for him, and a great relief to his family, seeing that his case was incurable, and life only a burden. He went rapidly at last; for within a week he was able daily to walk about his grounds, still feeling confident of his recovery, and thinking of spending the next winter in Florida; but the last four days witnessed a pitiable change in his condition, the substance of his body was rapidly consumed, his expectoration became more and more difficult, and his weakness rendered him as helpless as an infant, till at length death quietly and painlessly ended the struggle. He was too far gone to make it possible to hold any conversation with him, excepting a word or two now and then; for his mind would wander, and the attempt on his part to speak would so aggravate his cough as to deter us all from trying

hold a colloquy. This was a matter of special sorrow to me, because I had so much that I wanted to say, seeing that it must prove our last earthly interview. Henceforth I must commune with him through other methods and on a different plane; feeling him to be no less near me than heretofore.

The sad event having been looked for, from hour to hour, within the time named, and under the circumstances almost wished for by the family, they are bearing up under it with compensative composure. Dear Mrs. McKim was incessant in her attentions to the poor sufferer, and took all the exhausting night-watching upon herself. She looks very pale and thin, and greatly needs, what she will now soon be able to realize, complete bodily rest. Lucy, Wendell, and Charles accept the bereavement in the right spirit. I presume there will be no other change in the household management than that Wendell will naturally be placed at the head of it.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday afternoon, at 4 o'clock. The services will chiefly devolve upon me. Perhaps Dr. Furness may come on from Philadelphia, and participate in them, as he was strongly attached to Mr. McKim, and the latter held him in high respect.

The death and funeral will, of course, somewhat disarrange Frank's plans and mine in regard to the time of our meeting each other. Should he elect to come to the funeral, (as he will hardly think of doing, perhaps,) it will be necessary for him to take the N.Y. steamboat train on Monday afternoon; in which case he could be at the Park in good season on Tuesday forenoon. We would then — say on Thursday — go up the Hudson river to Albany together, and so on to Lake George. I find there is no getting to Saratoga that night by any connection with the boat; and we must all the Delevan House till the next day — Friday. I am not especially desirous of the sail up to Albany; so, if Frank prefers to meet me at that place on Wednesday night, I will take either the 10.30 or 10.45 A.M. train on that day, as it will enable me to get in seasonably from Orange to do so; but I cannot take the morning boat without spending a night in New York. Let him write me at once to Orange.

I wish him to take along with him my gold pen, and all the spirit photographs, which I left on the parlor mantel-piece.

Thanks for your good letter, just received. The reason you got no letter from me on Friday was because no one went to the city from Orange on Thursday.

I very much regret my absence when the Stetsons called, it would have given me much pleasure to see them again. Thank Fanny for me for paying so much attention, and for her portion of the letter.

Dear little Harold! Grandpapa is so sorry that he had not a parting kiss from him.

I do not think I shall get to Paterson, but may possibly run out on Monday for an hour or two.

With loving regards to all the dear ones, I remain,

Ever your own

W. L. G.